PN
6110
N6R5

The "WILLIE BALLADS" with Other Limericks and Nonsense Rhymes

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY F. N. ROBBINS

Price Seventy-Five Cents

AA 000 713 597 3
UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/willieballadswit00robb

THE

"WILLIE BALLADS"

WITH

OTHER LIMERICKS

AND

NONSENSE RHYMES

COLLECTED AND EDITED BY
F. N. ROBBINS

COLUMBIA, S. C.
THE R. L. BRYAN COMPANY
1904

PREFACE

Nonsense rhymes, like umbrellas, seem to be somewhat common property. Some of the within are original, one or two were written by friends, and the rest were collected from various sources. Of these last, with the exception of one which is attributed to Kipling, I was unaware of the authorship, and so was unable, as I otherwise most certainly should have done, to ask permission for their use.

F. N. Robbins.

Newton, Mass.

PN
6110
N6R5

Willie walking in the woods,
Met an old black bear;
Willie'd never seen one,
And it made the poor boy stare.
The bear said quite politely,
Just as bears do in books:
My outside seems to please you,
Try how my inside looks.

58179

Willie with his pocket knife
Separated ma from life.
One of Willie's cunning tricks!
Wasn't he cute—and only six?

Willie poisoned his grandma's tea,
Grandma died in agony.
Willie's father was sorely vexed,
And said to Willie, "My son, what next"?

Little Willie hung his sister,
She was dead before they missed her.
Another of Willie's cunning tricks;
He's so cute—and only six!

Willie saw a buzz saw buzz
Like a bike, and thought it wus.
Willie's body was full of nicks,
He was so cute—and only six!

Willie walking on the track,
The engine gave the worst of squeals,
And then they turned the engine back
And scraped off Willie from the wheels.

Little Willie, in the best of sashes,
Fell in the grate and was burned to ashes.
Bye and bye the room grew chilly,
But no one cared to stir up Willie.

Willie found a looking glass
And licked the mercury off,
Thinking in his childish fancy,
It was good for whooping cough :
On the day of Willie's funeral,
I remarked to Mrs. Brown,
It was a cold day for Willie
When the mercury went down.

There was a young lady named Tucker,
Who went up to her mother and struck her;
Her mother said, "damn,
Don't you know who I am?
You behave like a regular mucker"!

There was a young lady named Ida,
Who couldn't tell rhubarb from cider;
She once took a quart,
Which was more than she ought,
Which caused a commotion inside her.

There was a young lady named Maud,
A very deceptive young fraud.
She never was able to eat at the table,
But out in the pantry, Oh Lord!

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Excessively fond of fresh gherkins;
She went to a tea
And ate twenty-three!
Which injured her internal workin's.

There was a young lady said, "How
Shall I soften the heart of that cow?
I will sit on this stile,
And continue to smile
Till I soften the heart of that cow."

There was a young lady from Niger,
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger.
They returned from the ride
With the lady inside,
And the smile
On the face of the tiger.

There was a young lady from Joppa,
Whose friends all decided to drop her.
She went to Ostend
On a trip with a friend—
And the rest of the story's improper.

There was a young man from Ostend,
Who tried to hold out to the end;
But when half the way over
From Calais to Dover,
He did what he didn't intend—

There was an old man of Tarentum,
Who chewed on his teeth till he bent 'em.
When he found they were bent,
He said, "I don't care a cent,
You know I don't own 'em—I rent 'em"!

There was an old chief of police,
For a joke once arrested his niece;
For mending his pants
With a dress of her aunt's,
Thereby making them "breeches of piece"!

There once was a doughty young fly,
Who said "I will do it or die"!
So she took off her stocking,
A spectacle shocking,
And waded right in to a pie!

There once was a man from Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter named Nan,
Ran away with a man;
And alas for the bucket,
Nan-tuck-it!
But he followed the pair to Pawtucket,
The man and the girl with the bucket,
And he said to the man,
He was welcome to Nan;
And as for the bucket,
Paw-tuck-it!

Said a bad little youngster named Beauchamp,
Those jelly tarts how shall I reauchamp?
To my parents I'd go,
But they always say no,
No matter how much I beseauchamp.

There was a young man from the city,
Who met what he thought was a kitty;
He gave it a pat,
And said, "Nice little cat"!
And they buried his clothes out of pity.

There was a young man so benighted,
He never knew when he was slighted ;
He would go to a party,
And eat just as hearty,
As if he'd been really invited.

There once was a sculptor named Phidias,
Whose statues by some were thought hideous;
He made Aphrodite,
Without any nightie,
Which shocked the ultra fastidious.

There was an old lady named Elwell,
Who liked the climate of Hell well;
She said to the D—
I really don't see,
Why property here should not sell well.

There was an old man in a hearse,
Who said, "This might have been worse;
Of course, the expense
Is simply immense,
But it doesn't come out of my purse."

There was a young fellow named Hyde,
In a funeral procession was spied.
When asked, "Who is dead"?
"I don't know," he said,
"I only came out for the ride."

To a little darkey boy swimming in the Nile,
Appeared quite unexpectedly,
A hungry crocodile ;
Which said with that chilling manner,
That makes the warm blood freeze,
"I'll take a little dark meat,
Without dressing, if you please."

The Tabasco said, "I'm little, but I'm hot stuff just the same,"
And the lemon gave him quite a sour look.
The duck got his canvas back up when they said he wasn't game,
And the nervous jelly trembled till it shook.
The ice cream acted coldly when the pie, a crusty chap,
Said he thought the vinegar's manner rather tart;
But when the radish horsey said the Worcestershire was saucy,
The butter's golden hair threw up its part.

The apple sauced the coffee when the latter
whispered round
That he didn't think the beets could beat
the band;
The chocolate hit him on the cocoa, but the
coffee stood his ground,
And the sugar showed that he had lots of
sand.
The Italian macaroni was kicked by a cordial
pony,
And the small clam got it in his little neck;
A waiter who was handy, hurried off to bring
some brandy,
But when it came the dinner was a wreck.

The shrimp said that the crawfish was a lobster, nothing else,
The crawfish said, "You might be if you'd grow."
The rich old oyster fritter wouldn't recognize the smelts,
That knew him when he hadn't so much dough.
The mutton muttered, "Gammon," when the codfish told the salmon
He could beat him playing fish ball any day;
When the steak, a tough old rounder, said there's no sole to that flounder,
The oily salad murmured, "Lettuce pray."

The mince pie got quite spicy, and the hash
felt all cut up,
The honeycomb said, "Put him in a cell."
Said the apple to the apricot, "I bet you are
a peach,"
And the Londonderry water said, "Well,
well."
The watercress caressed the oil, the salt was
feeling fine,
The claret blushed a deep and rosy red
When the calf's head, rather lippy, called
the reed bird little chippy,
Then we found that the Limburger cheese
was dead.

There was a young lady of Milton,
Who was highly disgusted with Stilton—
When offered a bite,
She said, "Not a mite!"
This suggestive young person from Milton.

There once was a young Chimpanzee,
Whose cage was up in a tree ;
He would reach through the slats
And pinch people's hats,
Which filled him with Chimpanzee glee.

There was an old monk of Siberia,
Whose life grew drearier and drearier;
He burst from his cell
With a hell of a yell,
And eloped with the lady superior.

There was an old cook of Anjou,
Who made a most marvellous stew ;
He made it of mice,
Richly flavored with spice,
For he said, "*chacun à son ragout.*"

A person who frequently chose
To sleep standing up on his nose;
When asked for a reason
Said he thus got a season,
Of very delicious repose.

Miss Pallas Eudora Von Blurkey,
She couldn't tell chicken from turkey;
High Spanish and Greek
She could fluently speak,
But her knowledge of poultry was murky.

She knew the great uncle of Moses,
And the date of the "War of the Roses,"
And the reason of things—
Why the Indians wore rings
In their blue aboriginal noses.

Why Shakespeare was wrong in his grammar,
And the meaning of Emerson's "Brahmah;"
And she went about chipping rocks,
With a little black box
And a small geological hammer.

She wrote in a handwriting quirky,
And in speaking her accent was jerky—
And she painted on tiles
In the sweetest of styles—
But she couldn't tell chicken from turkey!

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles

This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

JUN 19 1951

JAN 31 1953

REC'D LD URL

NOV 7 1980

MAR 16 1964

OCT 19 1982

RECEIVED
MAIN LOAN DESK

AUG 25 1964

A.M. 7 8 9 10 11 12 1 2 3 4 5 6 P.M.

REC'D LD-URL

MAR 4 1974

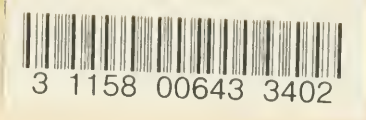
REC'D LD-URL

APR 23 1978

Form L9—15m–10,'48(B1039)444

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

BCM



UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY